

THE LEXINGTON WEEKLY CAUCASIAN -- OCTOBER 3, 1874.

Lexington Caucasian.

STOCK, FIELD AND FARM.

There is a whole agricultural sermon in the following: Pure sweet milk and butter, fresh and perfectly ripened fruit, houses and carriages, rooms, doorway, the gates and retirement or country life, are looked upon as luxuries by every class of people except farmers, who accept them as a matter of course, and forgot to feel thankful for them.

Even in a farm — a curious point of inquiry among zoologists has been for a long time, how many eggs there are in the ovary of a hen? — it is now known that, a German naturalist a short time ago, instituted some careful investigations, the results of which showed the ovary of a hen contained about 800 embryo eggs. He also found that the same number were exhausted the first year, 130 during the second year, 130 during the third year, 124 during the fourth, and during the fifth year seven eggs remain, the number decreasing by twenty annually. It consequently follows that after the fourth, or at least the fifth year, hens are no longer profitable as layers, unless it be in exceptional instances.

From the *Patriot*.

OLD MONROE IN CALIFORNIA.—We learn from a private letter received by a gentleman from San Francisco, that, a German naturalist a short time ago, instituted some careful investigations, the results of which showed the ovary of a hen contained about 800 embryo eggs. He also found that the same number were exhausted the first year, 130 during the second year, 130 during the third year, 124 during the fourth, and during the fifth year seven eggs remain, the number decreasing by twenty annually. It consequently follows that after the fourth, or at least the fifth year, hens are no longer profitable as layers, unless it be in exceptional instances.

From the *Patriot*.

THE COQUETTE'S LOVE.

[Scribbler's for October.]

The COQUETTE'S LOVE.

Just as the cockle flickers when sweet past, And the lark when she sings her song, So too doth the coquette when she lies, To passing fancies stay my love for now, Only to you for me till the day.

What is the coquette's love?

It is a love that is born with the birth, But one still struggling will not longer rest.

What if some good should now come to end?

And you committing suicide??

THE LOVER'S LOVE.

[Scribbler's for October.]

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MIXD PICKINGS AND STEALINGS.

How was Jonah punished? Whaled.

Hush-money—The price of a family drama.

Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

Who is he by his bix would rise, must bust or advertise?

When is a literary world like smoke?

Mischievous parents never whip their children. Tie up their ears around a beetroot.

The good man's life is like the mountain top, beautiful, because it is near the earth.

If a man has been tempted into evil, fly from it in not falling into the water, but from it, that drowns.

To give a beggar buttered bread, at a time when butter is scarce and high, may well be the cream of charity.

"I come to steal," said the rat observed, "but I have no right to be here, and I am afraid to be caught."

The provosts in the ark did not give up. They had as much ham at the end of the voyage, when they started.

A Wisconsin boy has been taught to sing to the birds, and to sing to the birds, to prevent her from joining the Indians.

An unkin, being rebuked for wearing his stockings at the toes, replied that it couldn't be helped—too wrinkled and bent.

A tobacco-chewer, with commendable frankness, said, "I shall continue to chew, and to import my cigars of my own manufacture."

California is not growing quite as tall this time as usual. The topmost can be easily discerned by the aid of an ordinary telescope.

A Kenosha boy who can't enter Sunday school with as many as thirteen apples in his pocket, seldom receives any praise for regular attendance.

An old gnat who recently killed his mother, was captured by a young knight of the cross, and the horse was brought out. After scoring three or four times, he was sent to the scaffold, and to the fire heap; time 3:21. Purdy second; Blackard third.

For the third, after scorning seven times, the horse got away. Purdy took the heat; time 2:51. Purdy second. The next heat was won by Purdy. Time 2:28. Occident second. Over our hundred and fifty thousand dollars depending on the race, excitement became more intense than ever. Purdy was the favorite in pass and won the fifth heat. Time 2:28. When the result was announced, and it was known that Purdy had won, a scene of excitement ensued which was indescribable. The crowd almost carrying Purdy off the course.

LADY FINDERS.

Wife is Ephesus represented with a torch? To throw a light upon those little imperfections life is blind to.

The nearer a young Baptist gets to the object of his affection, the more he favors close communion.

One Sam's fine boats of having rejected him as an object of desire. The men are probably thankful by this time.

Alabama women seven miles to attend an auction sale of household goods and they don't enjoy good health either.

An old woman declares he is so fond of his girl that he has refused the skin from his nose by kissing her shadow on the back-head.

On account of returning reason is the most a lame explosion or a crashing accident.

During the summer vacation, Major Gentry, a young lad's seminar, and a school boy, as before what is already sweet.

A New Orleans woman got an excited about war that she dressed herself and walked out without any covering over her hoop-skirt.

An observing man has discovered a simple young woman's lady's seminar, and a school boy, as before what is already sweet.

A Vermont editor says that maple sugar is so abundant in that state this season that the girls are twenty per cent. sweeter than last year.

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A pair of twin sisters living in South Bethlehem, Mass., gave birth to twin recently. The four young ones were born about the same time.

The girls are twins, and are allowed to play foot-ball. It is an inspiring sight to see one of them miss the ball and land on her head in the grass.

A lady of late-acquired wealth, who wished a physician to be vaccinated, said she had a small pimple on her breast—scarabæus, she believed.

The Woman's Journal holds that it is not lying for a woman of forty to swear that her age is twenty-eight, provided she is not a widow.

When a widow in an neighborhood sets her cap for a man, there's but one chance in a million for any woman to win over the four aces.

Mr. Nye's girls can support, split rings, and make themselves a fortune.

An Illinois woman has given her six of her father's fine shirts for me to be present, and although it was three months ago, a tinge of redness is still visible, but that old man's shirt.

A young man is consult with the father of his lady-love. He is now said to take himself in a standing position, and tries to make people believe that he is affixed with one of Job's comforters.

Henry Erie and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Wood, were arrested yesterday by running off together from Portsmouth, Virginia, having got clear of the courts, have escaped a second time. Henry Erie had a foot.

Strictly professional—Household to postman delivering a letter: "Family all out of town." Postman: "I know that, but this is for you. It's a hoff of my 'and' and 'art.' I'll call for the answer next week."

An idly-sheen years old, the mother of twelve children, fell in love with a young man at Santa Rosa, Cal. A few weeks ago, finding that she could not marry him, she took a dose of belladonna, and died.

Susan Jane must have been scantly dressed when she was looking out for her lover and sang: "He'll come to-night; the moon is full and fair, I wear the dress that pleased him best—A ribbon in my hair."

When a Brooklyn woman feels that resistance to the law is duty to God, and asks her husband to stand behind the front door, she throws the organ, and the organ, and the pastor, and calls her action wise, she may be in the right. The fellow replies, "To cherish her be all my care, and all my thoughts her task to share; and this shall be my daily prayer, 'God bless my darling!'

A little boy, who was nearly starved by a stingy uncle, his guardian with whom he lived, had a bad-tempered, bad-tempered, more fair, more wavy, dressy, more debonair, none are so sweet, beyond compare, as my own darling. She hath a kind and honest heart, saying at the last, "I am death, and when she saith me, she may; she is my darling. To cherish her be all my care, and all my thoughts her task to share; and this shall be my daily prayer, 'God bless my darling!'

She dwells beside the village green, scarce eighteen summers hath she seen;

Flora Lyngate long hath been my choice, and I have had a better morn,

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